Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 12, 1903. NUMBER 24

LINCOLN.

Hurt was the Nation with a mighty wound,
And all her ways were filled with clam'rous sound.
Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
And wept the North that could not find relief.
Their madness joined its harshest tone to strife;
A minor note swelled in the song of life
Till, stirring with the love that filled his breast,
But still, unflinching at the Right's behest
Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed, from afar,—
The mighty Homer of the lyre of War!
'Twas he who bade the raging tempest cease,
Wrenched from his strings the harmony of peace,
Muted the strings that made the discord,—Wrong,
And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.
Oh, mighty Master of the mighty lyre!
Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,
And wrote thee down among her treasured few!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Emerson.—Edith M. Thomas 375
Notes 375
The Coming Unity in Religion 377
A Day.—Chas. E. Perkins 377
Tainted Money.—Edwin D. Mead 380
The Spirit of the Saint.—WILLIAM BRUNTON 380

PAGE.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SCHOOL THE HOPE OF THE STATE
Literature as an Element of Primary Education. — L. A. Sherman 380

THE PULPIT.
Nancy Hanks Lincoln.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 381

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.
Humility—Chapter XVIII.—W. L. Sheldon 385

THE FIELD.
The Promethean.—JOSEPH LEISER 387
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 387

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Nuggets from a Welsh Mine

Compiled by OLIVE E. WESTON

from the Writings of

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"On the border line of thought lie the reverences. Where our petty certainties end, there our holy worship begins."

"The wrong judgments of men hurt us not if we remember that the balances of God are justly poised."

"Through all the religious experiences of the race there runs the common fiber of duty as the supreme thing; of love, the crowning law, binding us all to the natural, which is the spiritual; to the real, which is the ideal; to the common, which is the divine."

Price, $1.00, postage 8 cents.

Sent on receipt of price by

Unity Publishing Co., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

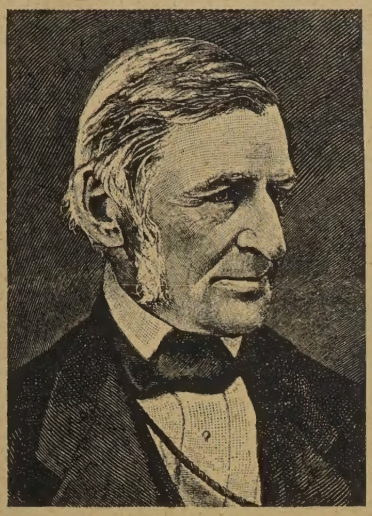
UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903. NUMBER 24

1830 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



I.

EMERSON.

When comest thou again, O master-sage,
Whose after-glow yet in our heaven shines?
Sometimes, my searching spirit half divines
That thou, ere this—in widely sundered age—
Didst till these fields of mortal heritage;
Perchance, the best of all the Antonines,
Didst bend thy eagle gaze to read the signs
In storied Nature's dim palimpsest page;
Or, earlier yet in time, didst go thy ways,
Greatest of Grecians, who of Beauty taught;
Or, Brahmin-born, within some Indian fane
Didst thou, perchance, spend out thy luminous days,
Leaving behind thee ever-living Thought.
O Master-sage, when comest thou again?

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Congregationalist is persuaded that Mrs. Annis Ford Eastman is in earnest, whether she is to be taken literally or not, when in a recent address before the Congregational Club in New York she said:

> The minister is so much the slave of his board of trustees or vestry, that to succeed he has to adopt the methods of the mountebank or buffoon, that church work is only another name for getting money by underhand means, that a minister is ground between the sectarian system of doctrine and the demands of modern scholarship, that he is not secure in his position and has insufficient salary, and that the time limit of the profession is at most fifteen or twenty years.

In the city of Berlin there are reported three thousand friendly visitors of the poor. They do it not for pay, but for neighborliness. It is an old and safe contention of the associated charity movement that if each favored home in the city took friendly interest in a less favored home, pauperism and dependency among the deserving poor would disappear. There are always more self-supporting than dependent homes in every city, and if the former class took thought of one neighbor among the latter class, there would not be enough dependents to go around.

During the last year there were copyrighted at the Congressional Library at Washington 7,365 new books in the United States and nearly as many booklets and circulars. Twenty thousand, three hundred sixty-eight copies of periodicals were deposited in the library. Surely the American reader must select what he will read and elect the few magazines and papers out of the multitude that he will allow to come into his home. The result of this selection may well be taken as a fair index of the intelligence and the conscience of the home-makers. It behooves every home-maker to look well to the literary pabulum that he and his must feed on.

When one reads that the Bishop of London has recently said in a public address, "An undenominational education is a rotten system," one wishes that the good bishop might be induced to travel in the United States. He might be compelled to recognize, perhaps to his surprise, that beautiful blossoms and noble fruit grow out of such "rottenness" in America. A freer mind and a wider experience might reveal to him the fact that putridity lies in an attempt to denominationalize education. The success of the denominational schools increases in inverse proportion to their denominational-*ism* on this side of the water, and we suspect it is very much so over there in the diocese of the good bishop.

UNITY rejoices to believe that there is a great and growing amount of liberality, appreciation of the new truth and loyalty to the old, found inside the creed-based churches. It regrets the evidence that there is a vast amount of bigotry, narrowness and the spirit that excludes outside of these churches. It believes that Liberalism is truest to its traditions and faces its highest mission when it forgets its "ism" and goes in search of the humanities that unite, far beyond and outside of its own boundaries; that in the death of many churches is the true church to find its life. Perhaps there must be fewer preachers in most towns before there will be better preachers. UNITY believes that the work of humanizing and utilizing the old churches is now a more imperative task than that of creating new ones in towns already church-ridden.

Old and New, the missionary monthly that has been sustained for ten years, with certain lapses, by the Rev. Arthur Judy, of Davenport, Iowa, has been moved to Des Moines and begins its eleventh year of life under the immediate eye and hand of the Rev. Mary A. Safford, with Johnson Brigham and Henry Griffiths as assistant editors. Of course, this monthly in the hands of Miss Safford will maintain the missionary spirit which it has always interpreted. The propaganda so ably represented by Miss Safford is intensely Unitarian in its denominational interpretation. It believes in new churches and more churches until the right kind of a church is realized in every town, and it finds abundant justification for the same in the bigotry that

still lies around loose in the country and the unthinkable dogmas that it still finds embedded in the creeds. UNITY sends its greeting to the new management and rejoices in its spirit and purpose. If there are to be more denominational churches built (and there is need of a sectarian propaganda in order to successfully disarm sectarianism), our neighbor forges forth on a high adventure.

Again Chicago seems to be threatened with an industrial war—apparently an unjustifiable war; certainly a war that takes upon itself the most painful characteristics of war, viz., the strategy that strikes at the weakest point and seeks to capture the most defenceless. A strike of elevator men would seem to be a trifling affair, but when the elevator boys make common cause with the janitors and the janitors are backed up by the teamsters who refuse to deliver coal for the great sky-scraping buildings, each one of which houses a population that would constitute a village, some of them a city of from two to three thousand workers, it becomes a very serious matter. It is hard for one on the outside to see a justification of this violent interference with the normal workings of so fundamental an element in city life. To stop the elevators in the sky-scraping buildings is like fencing up a highway; worse than a suspension of the street car service. There may be wrongs in the background. Perhaps this war will hasten the day of permanent peace. The way out of this trouble as all other labor troubles is by going through it and not by going around it nor by backing out of it. Let organization, both of employer and employe, be hastened until there shall be on either side authoritative and tangible parties to deal with, and then let either party have the recourse which now the individual has of appealing to an adequate tribunal whose decisions will be made operative by the power of law.

Our readers will read with interest the able contribution from our ever welcome contributor, Edwin D. Mead, on "Tainted Money," and we are sure many of them will seek when practicable the articles in the *Outlook* of January 10 and 31 which moved Mr. Mead to write. UNITY expressed itself concerning the matter in question a few issues ago. We are only moved to add that the *reductio ad absurdum* resorted to by the *Outlook* is always possible in the highest ethics. The test of conscience, the measure of our spiritual development, is always found on that marginal line, that sensitive, ever widening and ever growing horizon line of conscience. And, furthermore, it is one thing to undertake to put to high uses money offered it for high purposes; it is another thing to give to that money the secondary purpose of advertising, and, by implication, complimenting and ratifying the methods of the man or men through whose hands the money last passed. Again we reiterate that the question of the legitimacy of the Standard Oil Company is not identical with the legitimacy of competitions in trade or combinations of capital. But beyond that is the question as to whether these combinations are justified when the impartiality of railroad tariffs is tampered with; when legislation is colored and courts swayed, and when competitors are ruthlessly slaughtered, not by fair competition, but by strategy and the unfair advantages which the powerful can take over the weak. It would seem that these suggest no difficult, abstruse or rare problems in ethics.

The Cambrian is a monthly magazine published in Utica, N. Y., and represents, as the name indicates, the Cambro-American constituency. It is a welcome visitor in the Welsh homes of America where the vernacular has already passed or is passing over into the English speech. The traditional religion of the Welsh is intensely Calvinistic and most of the Welsh churches of America still represent the conservative wing of the organizations that they belong to. But this magazine today is infected with the spirit of the times. A writer, Rev. J. Milton Jones, gives his "Theological Views" in clearest terms, and they represent the new faith. He quotes approvingly Theodore Parker's great hymn, "O, thou great Friend to all the sons of men." He recognizes that the need of personal salvation is passing over into or involves a demand for social salvation. He says:

> "Society is a vital organism and not a mere aggregation of mechanical parts. There is a solidarity of the race and humanity is being slowly lifted to nobler intellectual, moral and religious heights. The home, the church, the school and the state are all working together for the elevation of the race.

Again he says:

> "God is behind the race and his purpose must be redeemed humanity, for he has made us, and not we ourselves. Any other belief is the royal road to atheism."

There is much more in the article as vital as these sentences which we have quoted, and we rejoice that the proverbial piety of the Welsh people is not to be permanently menaced by the stolidity and grimness of its theology. The poetic element in the Welsh blood must interpret modern thought and the results of modern scholarship in terms of faith. The devout heart of Cambria is learning to sing the new songs of Zion.

The Ohio Teacher for the current month contains a careful, discriminating article on "The Centralization of Township Schools." The article is illumined with an interesting picture of a three-story modern public school building away out in the country, with six covered wagons of the omnibus pattern arranged outside the yard waiting for their respective loads of pupils which they will distribute and drop at their homes at the close of the school. The article is written from the standpoint of one who has had practical experience in the management of these schools. One can hardly read this article without feeling that the solitary, unkempt, old-fashioned schoolhouse on the crossroads, with its ever diminishing number of children straggling reluctantly to and from every morning and evening, is destined to become a thing of the past. It will be found cheaper in the long run to take the children to the schoolhouse than to try to carry the schoolhouse to the children. The arguments in favor are many, the most convincing of which is the social advantage. The hearty community life of a public school is the invaluable part of it. Emerson said that the best part of a boy's schooling was what he got on the way to and from the school building. Emerson must have had in mind the going to and from school together—the contact of pupil with pupil. The public school is the most

wholesome and effective democratic force at work in America. Let our country schools be socialized and boys and girls will be more anxious to continue, and parents will be less willing to have their children drop out by the way. The farmer has heretofore striven, often beyond his means, to send his young children away from home that they might get the better advantage of high school and academy. In the future he will study how to give his children such advantages and still have them at home with him where they are kept in touch with the industrial simplicity of the farm life.

The Coming Unity in Religion.

Two incidents in the religious life of Boston have recently occurred which we are inclined to believe carry more significance than is likely to be realized at this instant.

The Channing Club, an Unitarian organization, at a recent meeting asked two representatives of orthodox Congregationalism, one a pastor from Portland, Me.—Rev. J. C. Perkins—one a teacher in Harvard University—Prof. G. F. Moore—to speak on "The Unity of Congregationalism." As if not to be outdone in cordiality, the Congregational minister a few days later invited Dr. S. A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, to address them on "The Federation of Congregational Churches." On both occasions there was at least a cordial exchange of courtesies. *The Congregationalist,* commenting on the same, recognizes the significance of these facts and proceeds guardedly to discuss the growing unities and the waning antagonisms in the doctrines now represented by the two wings of Congregationalism.

To our mind, the discussion of these doctrines is unimportant at the present time. Whatever may be said today will be subject for revision tomorrow. It is like trying to indicate on a chart the relative position of two boats on a river, both boats having a motion of their own; meanwhile, the current of the river exerting its power consciously or unconsciously upon both boats.

The significant fact is this exchange of courtesies. Even in Boston, this courtesy is as yet confined to week-day expressions and occasions when the theological climate is modified by banquet amenities. But these week-day courtesies are the forerunners of Sunday hospitalities. When the Unitarian and the Trinitarian Congregationalist dare pray in one another's presence, exchange pulpits, join in hymns loved by both, the next thing to do will become more clear.

The two wings of Congregationalism are not working out their own problems in these advances. It is not a question between Unitarian and Trinitarian; it is a question between the conservative and the progressive inside of each denomination. It is a question of sociological vs. theological interpretations of religion. It is a question of interpreting duties rather than texts; of saving communities and serving the state rather than denominational propaganda and church rivalries. It is the spirit of catholicism slowly asserting itself over the spirit of protestantism. Looked at in this light, this exchange of salutes in Boston across the old battle line is big with significance and promise. Let the churches become better acquainted with one another and they will not be so distrustful of one another. Let them seek their common duties and as fast as they find them they will hasten to one another's aid and necessarily fall into one another's arms.

A Day.

Aroused from sleep,
I find at hand
A fresh, new day
Spread o'er the land.
This glorious day
Is given to me;
How shall I use
It fittingly?

First must I turn
My wakened mind
In thanks to God,
The giver kind.
Then must I ask
His guidance true,
In all I think,
And say, and do.

And being embarked
Upon the day,
I am to work,
As well as pray;
For faith is kept,
When willing hands
Perform the tasks
Duty commands.

And I must strive,
With fervent will,
No weight to add
To the world's ill;
But as my round
Of work I go,
Kind words to speak,
Kind deeds to do.

It may be joy
The day will bring,
Then shall my heart
With gladness sing;
Yet if its hours
Be marked with pain,
With patience let
Me bear the strain.

If thus I use
This day aright,
When fall the shades
Of gloomy night,
The care of God
My soul will keep;
In peace I'll lay
Me down to sleep.

CHAS. E. PERKINS.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

Tainted Money.

IS IT THE FITTING FOUNDATION FOR COLLEGES AND CHURCHES?

Many earnest men and women will have read with unusual interest the discussion in the *Outlook* of the question whether our schools and churches may properly receive for their endowment what Washington Gladden has termned "Tainted Money"—a discussion begun by an editorial article in the *Outlook* of January 10, on "The Gifts of Millionaires," and continued in the issue of January 31 by President Bascom and President Pritchett. The discussion touches issues of unusual and growing importance in this country. The time has certainly come for their more thorough consideration; and it is to be hoped that the *Outlook's* article will prompt a still broader discussion, which will be enlightening and salutary. It seems to me, as it will seem to many, that it leaves much to be said upon the point which really troubles tender consciences. To be concrete, I will refer here simply to the university founded and supported by Mr. Rockefeller, which the *Outlook* makes for its chief illustration throughout this article,—and properly, because it is the conspicuous case before the conscience of the country. It is not, the *Outlook* says, the function of a professor in this university or any other to decide whether the way in which the founder made his money was right or wrong; that is for the courts. It adds that in so far as his methods are matters of public history, they are as proper subjects for teaching in the university which he founded and supports as in any other, and that if these methods are dishonest and despotic the student or teacher is as free to condemn them there as elsewhere, and is under as much obligation to do so.

It chances that in this particular case the courts and legislative committees have many times declared the practices of Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company dishonest and despotic, and these methods are matters of public history. But suppose this were not so. Is it for a moment to be

laid down as a general principle that the teacher of economics or ethics, the preacher or the editor shall criticize or condemn only that which has been condemned by a court of justice? Where would such a principle place us with reference to Tammany, with reference to Mr. Quay and his activities in Pennsylvania, with reference to the operators in the present coal affairs, to southern lynchings, and to the boodlers and bosses, the wheat-cornerers, stock-waterers, railroad-wreckers and sundry sinners on large scale, who are the themes of the wholesome strictures day by day or week by week, of the *Outlook* and all other creditable journals, and who must be constantly considered by the political professor in the university, if his teaching is to have vitality and edge? The appeal cannot always or often be to courts of law; it must be to common knowledge, to common conscience and to common sense.

Immediately beside this article in the *Outlook* on "The Gifts of Millionaires" stands one entitled "Tammany Outdone in Minneapolis." This article has no uncertain sound. There is no doubt in its firm lines as to what the public ought to feel and ought to do concerning the demoralization and the demoralizers there so plainly portrayed. At the same time, by curious coincidence, there came to us the January number of *McClure's Magazine,* whose two leading articles are also devoted to the "History of the Standard Oil Company" and "The Shame of Minneapolis." Miss Tarbell, in the former article and the series to which it belongs, is only telling us once more, with new detail and fresh illustration, the story, already so well known to our students, of the appalling immoralities and crimes by which Mr. Rockefeller laid the foundation of his fortune. "The Contempt of Law," says the editor of the magazine in his own impressive page, "could well have served as the title for the current chapter of Miss Tarbell's history. It shows our capitalists conspiring among themselves, deliberately, shrewdly, upon legal advice, to break the law so far as it restrained them, and to misuse it to restrain others who were in their way."

For it is not only Miss Tarbell, whose powers of searching investigation have been avouched to us by her thorough work on Lincoln and so much besides, who stands sponsor for this new impeachment. The management of this great American magazine stands behind it, making, as it informs us, long and deliberate preparation for it, and spreading it serially before its thousands of readers, knowing well the costly penalties to which it exposes itself if it be libel, but knowing also that it can be proved libel only if proved false, and confident that it cannot be proved false. Yet is it not the primary duty, as it is surely the first instinct, of every faithful and influential man, thus conspicuously and repeatedly impeached, to repell charges like these, if they can be successfully repelled? Is it not his primary duty as a citizen? Is it not the primary duty of every public institution whose honor is bound up with his? Unless such clear and imperative duty can be successfully discharged, then the American people will continue to believe, as they do and ought, the damning facts now being so impressively restated, and judge and act accordingly.

None of us surely believes for a moment that the shameless mayor of Minneapolis, whom Mr. Clarke and his associates have so heroically overthrown, has done a tithe of what Mr. Rockefeller, "unhampered," as Miss Tarbell shows, "by any ethical consideration," has done to debauch and demoralize our young men and our public. The operations of men like Doctor Ames in our municipal affairs, or men like Mr. Quay in politics, are but slight in their extent and scope compared with his in the field of our industry and trade, which is the field where corruption and fraud are today most influential and most dangerous. He would seem, as is here so startlingly revealed, to have had "no comprehension of what seems to other men to be the most obvious principles of justice." He was simple and frugal, we read, he never went to the theater, never drank wine, gave to the poor; "there was no more faithful Baptist in Cleveland." "Yet he was willing to strain every nerve to obtain for himself special and illegal privileges from the railroads, which were bound to ruin every man in the oil business not sharing them with him. Religious emotions and sentiments of charity, propriety and self-denial seem to have taken the place in him of notions of justice and regard for the rights of others." This is not simply the word of the writer who has given years to the preparation of this melancholy history; it is the conclusion of repeated official investigations, whose results are reported. "One of the most gigantic and dangerous conspiracies ever attempted" is the judgment of one Congressional Committee upon what was only one of the worst of masses of the grossest and most lawless tyrannies and swindles, which are here detailed.

If Doctor Ames, whose career is so searchingly exposed in *McClure's Magazine* and the *Outlook,* should tomorrow, free and unrepentant, offer to Minneapolis a million-dollar city hall or public library, would it be right to take it? Would the city which did take it show civic virtue? Would it show a proper sensitiveness concerning civic dignity, concerning those things in public life which are of good report and of bad report? If Minneapolis did take it, would her citizens feel as free to condemn Doctor Ames as they do now, and if Mr. Hovey Clarke were willing to make the dedication speech, would he be willing, or would he feel under obligation, to make it a rehearsal of Mr. Steffens's story in *McClure's Magazine?* He would not be willing, and it would not be fitting; and none of us would be willing, and none of us ought to be, to criticize and publicly castigate the man whose gold is in his pocket and whose bread is in his mouth.

This point is emphasized by a sharp illustration put by President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the noble letter which he contributes to the discussion in the *Outlook.* The letter altogether, coming from the head of a great institution which sadly needs money and deserves large endowment as does hardly any other in the country, has a moral ring which is refreshing indeed. "Suppose," writes President Pritchett, "that William M. Tweed, in the heyday of his career, had come to the authorities of Columbia and said, 'Here is a million dollars to found a school of political science which is to bear my name.' Columbia could not have accepted that gift and maintained its moral leadership. . . . Would you have advised Columbia to accept a bequest from Mr. Tweed? If not, do you hold that an institution of learning must await the civil trial and conviction of a well known man before its officers can decide whether that man's career stands for a sound public policy or a harmful one?" Amazingly the *Outlook* in its rather pitiful reply to President Pritchett's sharp question implies that the reason why in its judgment Columbia might not properly have accepted a gift from Tweed to found a school of politics was because of the condition "to bear my name," which chanced to be mentioned. President Pritchett's question, the real question is, Could Columbia or any institution training young men for the service of the State accept a bequest from the unrepentant

Tweed at all, to support that training? There is of course but one moral answer to that question.

Do we not know well, in spite of all that may be said about moral freedom and the dictates of heroism, that the trustees and officers of institutions dependent on Mr. Rockefeller's money, and seeking it, cannot and will not circulate and moralize upon these papers in *McClure's Magazine* as they would do with similar histories of other men? Do we not know that none of them ever will or can write of the shame of Titusville and Oil City as Mr. Steffens writes of the lesser shame of Minneapolis? As soon expect the Pope of Rome to turn congregationalist. I do not say it certainly to their dispraise. The commonest courtesy and sense of propriety would prescribe their resignations first. If the writer of Miss Tarbell's articles were instead a teacher in the institution, in some way his tenure would cease in six months—it could not be otherwise; while were he in Williams College, the institution which chances to be bracketed in the *Outlook's* discussion, or in any other such, it would not make a ripple. The school, the college, the journal or the church whose living is "tainted money," knowing it to be such, has given hostages; it is not free, and if not free then is not moral.

It seems to me that, in all such notorious cases, it comes inevitably to the simple question, Is the public history true? The ethics of the receiving church or school is determined by the degree in which it holds it false or holds it doubtful. That so many thoughtful men and women find the accounts now given currency again in *McClure's Magazine* incredible is certainly to their credit. That we all well know the number of such to be so great will relieve this word of any suspicion of personal application, which is so remote from its purpose and would to me be so repulsive and s illegitimate. The problem touches only those who must believe the history. The moral public would rejoice in any valid word of rebuttal, mitigation or apology. One apology only is not valid and not to be welcomed—the claim of the cynic that this story is simply the story of all American wealth and business, writ large; that here was simply great success where the same methods elsewhere have met with small success or failure; that all are "tarred with the same stick" and none of us need bother about distinctions. This, I say, is not valid, it is not true; it is slanderous and false. President Bascom is just and right in placing Mr. Carnegie and others in an entirely different category from that under discussion. Such histories of these as that by Miss Tarbell and Mr. Lloyd are not in the libraries; if they ever get there, then will be the time to deal with them. Men may properly enough object to monopolies and trusts and much besides in the present industrial system; but it is one thing to "play the game fair," and a very different thing not to do it.

It is easy to be casuistic in this matter; and, where so many difficult and complex considerations are involved, it is hard indeed not to be. It is a quantitative thing. We must choose our times and places to protest. Should we be finical and make chronic inquisitors of ourselves, we should be ineffective and poor creatures; we cannot analyze the contribution-box. We may any of us be cranky—that is every fool's prerogative; but there is no man so cranky, hate "beer" as he may,—for the *Outlook* in its casuistry comes to such illustrations—who needs instruction on the moral difference between "hop-growing" and the monstrous wrongs detailed by Mr. Lloyd in his "Wealth against Commonwealth," and now again by Miss Tarbell, with such mass of detail, in this series of articles in *McClure's Magazine*. When wrongs become so great and so notorious as to constitute a scandal, then the time has come when none of us has any right to wink at them, whitewash them, or pass them by; the time has come for protest in some way that shall have emphasis and help clear the air. The wrongs under review are not wrongs by the verdict of any whim or prejudice or taste or sect; they are the fundamental wrongs which, unchecked or condoned, are known by all good citizens and all good men to corrupt and ruin honest trade, pure politics, stable society and decent life. It is at the peril of the nation that we pay honor to the doors of them, or permit our youth to do it.

Only one of two things can justify any institution charged with the guardianship of the public culture and the public morals in living upon money which is the fruit of sins such as those of which Miss Tarbell is now telling us the story; one is to prove the story false, the other to place it solemnly in the hands of every young man and woman repairing to its halls. If there were ways of receiving gifts from such sources and not honoring the giver, there need indeed be no misgiving; but what can be the moral effect upon the young men of America, in this day when mammon-worship menaces us as never before, to read this story which month by month is making us sick, and then to see that its chief actor has the highest honors from the college and the church? If these deeds are recognized as having been done, and yet the doer is honored; if his name is inscribed as founder upon the institution's papers; if his portrait is hung, as at Cambridge would be that of John Harvard and at Williams that of Mark Hopkins, in the place of honor in the chapel where young students meet to pray; then I say that any institution paying such honor—with this shocking story, now told once again with its circumstantialities fortified by official words, not disproved and not challenged—cannot, whatever good it houses, good to which all may pay grateful and admiring tribute, be chiefly a blessing to the State. The walls of the temple reared on such foundation may be gold, silver and precious stones, but to the eye of a converted commonwealth they must appear, to the degree of such foundation, as wood and hay and stubble.

Plato has taught us well—not in his "Republic," which men say was the dream of an ideal commonwealth, but in his "Laws," which was a tractate of practical admonition for Athens, and for us and all men—that the test of a State, of its integrity and health and of its prospect of life, is the hierarchy of its honors, and that the State which honors money before the soul cannot endure. Doubly dishonored is the State whose honored money is the wages of sin. The southern evangelist told us that when in Georgia a man stole a dollar, he was sent to jail, but when he stole a thousand, then men called him Colonel. God save the republic from making this standard orthodox or fashionable or safe! God save above all the American school and the American church! Give every sinner a pew, by all means, as the *Outlook* claims; but do not give him a pulpit, do not make him deacon, do not gild his name upon the pulpit Bible or the corner-stone. Take any money which is fruit of repentance, any from the dead whose motives are with God, any from any man where honor to the poison of honor is not the price; but no money created by unatoned and unrepudiated courses such as those now being reviewed for us can ever safely feed the lamp of truth or knowledge or ever sanctify or really vitalize any great endeavor.

When one looks back to the founding of the colleges of New England and traces their early hist-

ory,—Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Brown,—he sees that every stone was laid in prayer, that every year was a record of consecration, that the college lived and grew by the self-sacrifice and high purpose of a whole people determined that godly ministers and learned schoolmasters should be well trained, and that knowledge and wisdom should be spread in the land. The college was a place of plain living and high thinking, of economy and of aspiration, the place where the spiritualities were magnified and the materialities held cheap, the nursery of everything that has been most strenuous and disciplined and noble in the American commonwealth. When New England went west, into Ohio, the same story was repeated,—in the little college at Marietta, in the college in the Western Reserve; and in how many places farther on and in the South it has been repeated also! These colleges had their beginnings in the day of small things; and this is the day of large things. The country was poor; it is rich—and it is right that many things should now be done magnificently and in a moment, which have heretofore been done severely and painfully in a century or in two centuries. But better two centuries more of economy and poverty in the American college, of small laboratories, small wages and bare floors, than that great gifts of bad money should beget any deference to dishonor or any prejudice to public spirit, self-reliance, sturdy freedom, and resolute morality. The nation is justly proud of its great givers; they give to a grateful people,—and among them are some of the noblest names of the century. But at a time when in so many provinces of our American life the old simplicity is yielding to luxury, ostentation and indulgence, and the love of money and the power of money are roots of evil as never before, it is doubly incumbent upon the church and the school to construe their offices heroically, to see to it that they do not become contaminated with base bribes nor let the taint of materialism or a false commercialism blight them and make them centers of apology, of confusion and compliance, instead of nurseries of idealism, of purity, severity and truth. If they can receive recognized bad money without paying the price of bad honor, then surely let them do it; but surely they have not yet learned the way.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Mass.

The Spirit of the Saint.

We love the saintly soul of all the years,
The men and women seeking out the best,
And longing for immortal peace and rest—
Instead of sorrow, care, and greed, and tears,
And all that fills our hearts with countless fears,
So that we are in spite of all unblest,
And vanity of all is oft confest,
And disappointment dark the world appears!
We love the soul who sought escape from sin,
From false illusions sense so often gives,
And yet to which we cling unto the end;
Ah! blest was he who fellowship could win,
With all that loves and all that ever lives,
And had in God a sure and faithful friend!
This is the dream of humble hearts to-day,
They in the common pathway hope to find;
It is divine beatitude of mind,
The service they to God in duty pay,
Which turns the winter into joy of May;
For love to evil snares is surely blind;
And love to all is sweet and true and kind;
And walks in sooth the patient, pure Christ way!
To minister to men in every act;
To love the Father with a soul intense;
To walk in truth nor ever tire or faint;
To be ideal e'er, yet close to fact;
To be in soul alive, nor care for sense,
Ah! this again reveals the man a saint!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SCHOOL THE HOPE OF THE STATE.

X.

Literature as an Element of Primary Education.

BY L. A. SHERMAN, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

It is hard to give up our *a priori* notions concerning literature and criticism. Only occasionally indeed do we realize our need of an inductive and truly scientific knowledge in this field. The general spiritual sense of the reading public finally determines literary worth, and usually in the face of the professional critics and judges. Nobody can estimate the waste and loss of power which we suffer from this empiricism. It will some day, in all likelihood, prove as costly as we now know alchemy was, or as were surgery and medicine before Sir Joseph Lister and Virchow.

We used to assume that children could be interested in nothing but blocks and pictures and marbles and like childish things. We are beginning to find that they are, for at least brief intervals, really mature and wise, and that their growth is most definitely registered in the lengthening of these periods. When the children are full grown the intervals of seriousness will have changed places with the play periods which were once so long. No sane and normal-minded man ever altogether ceases to be a boy. No sane and normal-minded boy at all times fails of being, in his degree, a man. Even in his sports he is imagining himself a man, and conceiving the achievement of the largest things that mature strength can compass. Manifestly his growth will be assisted by as full and accurate knowledge as possible of what the largest and best things in manhood are. The major part of this full and accurate knowledge must come from books.

We have not only erred in assuming that children care for nothing in literature but wonder stories; we have erred also in assuming that they are not equal to the understanding and appreciation of real life. A valued friend, a school superintendent, who had wrought marvels with children in the earlier grades, teaching them to use the microscope and arousing them to deep enthusiasm over their reading, gave me this explanation of his success: "Years and grades do not count for so much as we think. Children are capable of learning in proportion to our faith in them." He had asked my advice about trying some character studies in the fifth grade, and I had administered a vigorous *a priori* warning. I was sure that the pupils would hate their school reading worse than ever. In a few weeks the superintendent sent me a packet of exercises, involving some of the very work that I had discouraged. On examination I found that it had been done successfully, and by students not of the fifth but of the first grade. There they were, the character interpretations, worked out in the vertical penmanship of childhood, painfully confined within the lined limits, to prevent the small letters from rivaling the capitals. What the pupils had written was in the form of answers to certain questions upon these two lines, which had been copied on the blackboard from a First Reader in use in the schools:

Charlie—Susie, would you like my sled?

Susie—Oh, yes, Charlie, ever so much!

"What made Charlie offer his sled to Susie?" the teacher had asked. The answers, in somewhat varying forms, were to the same effect: "Charlie doesn't want it any more just now, he is tired of

using it; and he is kind." "Why is Susie so glad to get it?" "Because she hasn't any sled." "How does Charlie look?" "He has new clothes, he looks good; he is rich." "How does Susie look?" "She has poor clothes on, but they are very neat; she looks happy and good; she is too poor to have a sled." Thus these first-grade minds had worked out the meaning of the copied sentences, under the inspiration of Charlie's chivalrous kindness, which they had found, and had done all in a manner not unworthy of riper years.

There is inspiration and uplift in good literature that even the child-mind can get. All the good that comes to us, we may say, comes through the medium of strong women and strong men. Children read character, and find the truth and nobleness in people quite as acutely, within their range, as the maturest folk. We do not need specifically a children's literature, but a literature that reflects life as it is really lived. Literature that is the story of life, and is rightly told, will be available to the younger minds and they will appropriate it just as they take in the significance of the best life they find in the world outside. Nothing is so inspiring to boys as manliness; not manliness of the line-upon-line, precept-upon-precept sort, but of the enacted kind. We have all seen children hang about a strong man who has done something heroic. Among the passengers upon the Stonington, which was lost off Long Island twenty years or more ago, was a sea captain, who, after the ship struck, remained on board helping to get the women and children into the boats. At the end, just as the boat was going down, he wrenched up a chair, dropped over the rail with it and floated till picked up. Later, stopping off the train at New Haven to forestall the anxiety of a brother, he told the story of the collision to the family with some detail, and the boys of the household hung about him speechless and wondering the whole day. Their uncle's fearlessness and heroism were the largest influences, probably, that had ever entered into their lives. Literature is properly the treasured record of great thoughts and sentiments, out of which great deeds spring, and the new generation is sent forward to its endeavor through and after bringing itself even, spiritually, with the life of the old.

Our American pedagogy does not sufficiently recognize the power of literature in education. We make our schoolboys and schoolgirls study the lives of our considerable writers, but we do not successfully impart an appreciation of their works. We compile our school readers with reference to the mechanics of reading rather than the possible influence of the reading upon the pupil. Sixty years ago the poet Grundvig proposed the founding of schools for Denmark that should offset the intellectualizing tendencies of school curricula. He saw that the Renaissance studies, which humanized the maturer minds of the earlier day, failed of like results with the juvenile learners of his generation. He proposed such a use of history and biography as would systematically utilize and administer the influences of great achievements and great men. These schools have flourished and multiplied, and have seemingly abundantly justified the wisdom of their founder. But Grundvig's plan does not include the use of literature in its purer and more potent forms. Such a book as De Amicis' *Cuore*, "The Heart of a Boy," would be worth, in the earlier grades, almost everything beside. Written for young schoolboys, *Cuore* has become a teachers' book, and a book for graybeards and dames as well as children, and its two hundred editions in Italy, and the repeated translations of it in this country, prove again that right literature knows no age limit or geographic bounds. The use of this book in our schools, in spite of its Italian fervor, has been most helpful. It has at least set us an example for twentieth century work.

THE PULPIT.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, February 8, 1903.

Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, of Cambridge, Mass., has recently published a little book entitled "Nancy Hanks: the Story of Abraham Lincoln's Mother," which is the forerunner of a larger work promised on the genealogy of the Hanks family in America. The book already published, with the assurance it gives of the contents of the book unpublished, throws a flood of light on what was supposed to be a dark subject, and brings belated assurance that the law of heredity was not tricked in the birth of Abraham Lincoln. At last, tardily, the great son is given back into the arms of the little pioneer mother, too long deprived of the confidence and love of those who have honored and revered the son, although he himself, while still in obscurity, said to his partner, Herndon, "God bless my mother! All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to her."

There is no sadder chapter in American history, no more disgraceful manifestation of the vulgarity, brutality, and malignity of political methods and the obliquity of politicians than the careless if not wilful dishonoring of the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. The idle gossip of unlettered communities set agog by political bitterness, and making common cause with unscrupulous agitators, was mistaken for history by nearly all of those who hastened to meet the want of the hour in their hurried biographies of Abraham Lincoln. There is no lack of lives of the great President; each year adds to the already long shelf of Lincoln books in America; but obviously the true life of Abraham Lincoln is not yet written. We are too near our subject to see him in his just perspective, and there has not been time for the careful search for records, sifting of evidence, and discovery of the great forces and facts which are always involved in the making of a great historical character. Perhaps when the real life of Abraham Lincoln is written, it will be found that the material for the history of his later years, the public career of the greatest President and captain of the greatest of armies has been reasonably compassed in the books now at hand. The ten splendid volumes by Nicolay and Hay, the life and correspondence, supplemented by the two great volumes of speeches, letters, and state papers of Abraham Lincoln, probably contain an amplitude of documents and most of the facts available, but certainly the chapters concerning Lincoln's fore-elders and early childhood must all be re-written. Even the later lives of Hapgood and Morse reiterate the old scandals of illegitimacy and uncertainties of birth and marital relations which are now utterly denied by conclusive documentary evidences found in courts of record.

This cloud of obscurity and distrust has hung most heavily over the name of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. But today let it be gratefully noted that accurate historical researches have already brought about a vindication which must result in loving appreciation of this maligned and much-neglected name. This vindication has come largely through the diligent and fearless researches of three women, who in this work have merited and will ultimately receive the unmeasured gratitude, not only of the American peo-

ple, but of all lovers of the race, all believers in human nature who rejoice in its noblest representatives.

I refer, first, to Mrs. C. S. Hobart Vawter, a relative of Vice-President Hobart, whose grandmother was Sarah Mitchell, of Kentucky, a kinswoman of Nancy Hanks. She it was who was instrumental in discovering the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and the marriage record of Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who officiated at the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks on June 17, 1806. Another of these women is the Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, already mentioned, who took to herself the high task of discovering the Hanks family, thus throwing a flood of light upon the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln and consequently upon the foundations of his character and power.

The last of the three women referred to is Ida M. Tarbell, who, in her Life of Lincoln, has risen above the unfounded traditions and coarse implications of the earlier biographers. They, from lack of critical ability or ethical insight, mistook campaign gossip for evidence and idle tradition for history.

There is no doubt but that Lincoln went to his grave feeling that his own antecedents were hopelessly lost in the obscurity of the common people. In his blessed preoccupation and manly independence of tradition, inheritance, and public opinion, it probably never occurred to him to revise the statement made to Mr. J. L. Scripps, of the Chicago *Tribune*, in 1860, who compiled the first campaign biography. Said Lincoln:

"It is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence we find in Gray's Elegy,

"'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

"This is my life, and that is all you or anybody else can make of it."

"And," adds the reporter, "Mr. Lincoln seemed painfully impressed with the extreme poverty of his early surroundings and the utter absence of all romantic and heroic elements."

It was better thus, perhaps, for this child of the backwoods. He was thrown back the more surely on the ultimate resources of his own manliness.

The American people have, in the main, taken literally Lowell's lines:

"For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."

Abraham Lincoln, in popular conception, was for many years a nineteenth-century Melchisedec—"a prince of righteousness and King of Salem, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, made like unto the Son of God, abiding a priest continually." At least the chief bit of autobiographical writing that we have from the great President was taken as final. This was furnished to his friend and yoke-fellow, Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Ill., for campaign purposes in the year 1859. Mr. Fell was perhaps the most prophetic of the sons of Illinois, who hailed from afar the rising man of destiny. His vision was clear, even in the fifties. In this sketch Mr. Lincoln says:

"I was born Feb. 12, 1809, in Harding County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia of undistinguished families, second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of the family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now remain in Adams and others in Macon Counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, migrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1771 or 1772, and a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families—such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

"My father at the death of his father was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached my new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region with bear and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualifications were ever required of a teacher beyond 'Readin', Writin', and Cipherin' to the Rule of Three.'"

Here ended the question of ancestry for Mr. Lincoln himself and his early biographers, but it has now been clearly established that the name of Lincoln was given him by an ancestry that settles soldidly into the best there is in New England life. They were among those who overflowed the Norwich jail in England because "they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the bishop"; they pelted the tax-collector with stones, and finally, in order to "rid themselves of an odious government," they sailed away from Yarmouth Bay in 1636, and in due time founded the colony of Hingham. It was these Lincoln land-owners, blacksmiths, early iron masters, who sent their representatives southward into Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and at last into Kentucky. The Abraham Lincoln who was fifth in descent from the Samuel Lincoln of England, and who had become owner of large tracts of wild land in Kentucky, fell by the treacherous bullet of a lurking Indian in the sight of his three boys —Mordecai, Joseph and Thomas, the latter a six-year-old boy who was saved by the timely crack of the rifle in the hands of the older brother, to become the father of the great Emancipator.

Thomas Lincoln was not the accident in human life, the irresponsible, unaccountable, and ne'er do well that even the sober biographers of Lincoln have amused themselves over. The true estimate of Thomas Lincoln has not yet been made.

But my present purpose is to try to put into our minds and hearts the obscure, neglected, unappreciated little mother, Nancy Hanks. Thanks to Mrs. Hitchcock, we now know that Hanks is a name nobody need be ashamed of. It has annals that are in themselves interesting written deep in the history of England and America. I rejoice that the greatest American wasted no time in pedigree-hunting. The pride of descent is poor capital. Life is too short to be wasted on genealogies for the sake of bolstering up family pride. But there is great joy in doing justice to the memory of the dead. Let those who have pitied the great Lincoln on account of his mother or written small her place in the mystic line of causes that brought forth the beautiful mystery, hasten to repent and make amends.

The little woman who at thirty-five years of age placed her dying hand upon the head of nine-year-old Abraham away in the backwoods of Indiana, bore a name that has been traced back across the sea to the time of Alfred the Great, where two brothers of that name received "the commoners' rights in Malmsbury" for service rendered in defeating the Danes, and the name of King Athelstan, grandson of Alfred, is on the deed. Thomas Hanks, a descendant, who was a soldier under Oliver Cromwell, had a grandson who sailed from London to Plymouth, Mass., in 1699. This Benjamin Hanks was the father of twelve children, the third of whom was William, born February 11, 1704; William moved to Pennsylvania, and his son, John Hanks, married Sarah, a daughter of Cadwallader Evans and Sarah Morris. The record runs, "John

Hanks, yeoman, Sarah Evans, spinster." A grandchild of this union was Joseph Hanks, who was borne southwestward with the tide of emigration inspired and in a large measure headed by Daniel Boone, whose story and whose blood are strangely intermingled with those of the large families of Shipleys, Hankses and Lincolns, who were much intermarried. This Joseph Hanks crossed the mountains with his family of eight children and herds of cattle and horses. He bought one hundred and fifty acres of land as his homestead near Elizabethtown, in Nelson County, Kentucky. The youngest of eight children in this migration was little Nancy, five years of age when they crossed the mountains. After four years of home-making in the wilderness, Joseph came to his death. His will, dated January 9, 1793, probated May 14, 1793, has been discovered, and a fac simile appears in Mrs. Hitchcock's book. It runs thus, somewhat abbreviated:

"In the name of God, amen. I, Joseph Hanks, of Nelson County, State of Kentucky, being of sound mind and memory but weak in body, calling to mind the frailty of all human nature, do make and demise this, my last will and testament, in the manner and form following, to-wit:

"I give to my son Thomas one sorrel horse, called 'Major'; to Joshua the grey mare, 'Bonney'; to William the grey horse, 'Gilbert'; to Charles the roan horse, 'Tobe'; to Joseph the horse called 'Bald.'

"Also I give and bequeath unto my daughter Elizabeth one heifer called 'Gentle'; to Polly a heifer called 'Lady,' and to my daughter Nancy one heifer, yearling, called 'Peidy.' I give and bequeath unto my wife, Nanny, my whole estate during her life, afterwards to be divided among all my children."

This neglected document now reproduced in facsimile in Mrs. Hitchcock's book settles once and forever the legitimacy of the parentage of Nancy Hanks. She had a father who recognized his paternity in the thoughtful will of a prosperous pioneer. This in the eyes of the law as well as of public opinion establishes her place as a rightful child of honorable parents.

The mother survived but a few months. The story of all the children is promised in the forthcoming Hanks Genealogy by Mrs. Hitchcock. Enough for our present purpose to know that the little orphaned Nancy, now nine years old, found a home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berry, near Springfield, Ky., Mrs. Berry being her mother's sister and a member of the Shipley family. Here she lived a happy and joyous life until twenty-three years old, when Thomas Lincoln, who had learned his carpenter's trade of her uncle, Joseph Hanks, was married to her on June 17, 1806, according to official records already mentioned. The "marriage bond," to the extent of fifty pounds, required by the laws of Kentucky at that time, signed by Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry, was duly recorded seven days before. This happy wedding was celebrated as became prosperous and well-meaning pioneers. The loving uncle and aunt gave an "infare" to which the neighbors were bidden. Dr. Graham, an eminent naturalist of Louisville, who died in 1885, wrote out his remembrances of that festival and testified to the same before a notary in the 98th year of his age. He said:

"I know Nancy Hanks to have been virtuous, respectable and of good parentage, and I knew Jesse Head, Methodist preacher of Springfield, who performed the ceremony. The house in which the ceremony was performed was a large one for those days. Jesse Head was a noted man—able to own slaves, but did not on principle. At the festival there was bear meat, venison, wild turkey, duck, and a sheep that two families barbecued over the coals of wood burned in a pit and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in."

The traditions of the neighborhood say that Nancy's cheerful disposition and active habits were considered a dower among the pioneers. She was an adept at spinning flax, and in the spinning parties, to which ladies brought their wheels, Nancy Hanks generally bore off the palm, "her spools yielding the longest and finest thread."

The biographers agree that she was above her neighbors in education. She carried the traditions of schooling in Virginia with her over the mountains. She was a great reader; had Esop's Fables; loved the Bible and the hymn book; had a sweet voice, and loved to sing hymns.

The old neighbors remembered her as having "a gentle and trusting nature." A grandson of Joseph, an older brother of Nancy, said:

"My grandfather always spoke of his angel sister Nancy with emotion. She taught him to read. He often told us children stories of their life together."

The first child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln was a daughter, Sarah. Three years after marriage came the boy, Abraham. Another son came and was named Thomas; he stayed but a few months, but long enough to touch permanently the heart of Abraham with a sense of tenderness and awe. Before they started for their new home in Indiana he remembered the mother taking her two little children by the hand, walking across the hills, and sitting down and weeping over the grave of the little babe before she left it behind forever.

The story of that primitive home in Indiana has been told over and over again, but never with sufficient insight. Only pioneers can understand how piety and simplicity, trust and poverty, exposure and hospitality, inadequate clothing and meagerest diet, can go hand in hand with cheerful content.

Among the last recorded words of Nancy Lincoln was one of cheer. It was but a few days before her death when she went to visit a sick neighbor, the mother of one who was to become Rev. Allen Brooner, who tells the story. The neighbor was despondent and thought she would not live long. Said Mrs. Lincoln: "O you will live longer than I. Cheer up." And so it proved. The pestilential milk sickness was abroad, smiting men and cattle. Uncle Thomas and Aunt Betsy Sparrow both died within a few days of each other. Soon the frail but heroic little mother was smitten. Said a neighbor: "She struggled on day by day, but on the seventh day she died." There was no physician within thirty-five miles; no minister within a hundred miles. Placing her hand on the head of the little boy, nine years old, she left him her dying bequest, and the great President many years afterwards in a burst of confidence entrusted the message to the memory of Joshua A. Speed, one of his earliest and most intimate friends:

"I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father."

Thomas Lincoln, wise in wood lore and not without that culture that comes with the handicrafts, sawed the boards with his own whip-saw from the trees he felled and made the coffins with his own hands for the Sparrows and for his wife.

It was three months before Parson David Elkins came on horseback from the old Kentucky home, in response to the first letter that little Abraham ever wrote, to stand under the trees by the grave and speak his word of loving remembrance and high appreciation of the departed and of consolation and hope to the neighbors who had gathered from far and near.

No reporter was there to take down the address, no camera was there to catch the picture, and no artist has risen to paint the scene, but it is one of the most touching events in American history.

"Stoop-shouldered," "thin-breasted" were the words used to describe her appearance in Indiana, but "bright, scintillating, noted for her keen wit and repartee," was a phrase used by those who knew her as a girl in the home of her foster parents, Uncle and Aunt Berry, in Kentucky.

"The little girl grew up into a sweet-tempered and beautiful woman, the center of all the country merry-making, a famous spinner and housewife," says Miss Tarbell. "I remember Nancy well at the wedding, a fresh looking girl," said Dr. Graham.

But who has a better right to characterize the mother who bore him than the great Lincoln himself? He describes her as "of medium stature, dark, with soft and rather mirthful eyes; a woman of great force of character, passionately fond of reading; every book she could get her hands on was eagerly read."

And why should she not be such? The Hanks blood was vital, aggressive, virile. Mrs. Hitchcock offers abundant facts to prove that "the mother of Abraham Lincoln belonged to a family which has given to America some of her finest minds and most heroic deeds."

This same Hanks family was a "remarkably inventive family. The first bell ever made in America was cast on Hanks Hill, in the old New England home. The first tower clock made in America, placed in the old Dutch church in New York City, was made by a Hanks. The bell that replaced the old Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, as well as the great Columbian bell, that was made from the relics of gold, silver, old coins and metals sent from all parts of the world, a bell which in addition to the old inscriptions of the Liberty Bell added, "A new commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another," was cast by members of the Hanks family. The first silk mills in America were built by a Hanks. One of the founders of the American Bank Note Company was a Hanks. "Hanksite" is the name of a mineral named after the discoverer, a state mineralogist of California.

Lincoln used to say that his Uncle Mordecai, his father's oldest brother, "got away with all the brains of the family." He was a prominent member of the Kentucky legislature at one time. He was a famous story teller, and Thomas, the carpenter, was a favorite wherever he went. He was withy, though small of stature, a famous wrestler, and, when the provocation was adequate, a terrible foe in a fight.

All these traits appear in the President, but none the less perceptible is the inheritance from the mother's side. Mrs. Hitchcock's little book shows two portraits side by side—that of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and the Rev. Stedman Wright Hanks, of Cambridge, Mass.—and the resemblance is so striking that one might readily be taken for the other.

No less marked were the characteristics of the Welsh Evanses and Morrises, whose blood flowed in the veins of Nancy Hanks, as shown in Coffin's life of Lincoln. Says Noah Brooks in his life:

"Lincoln said that his earliest recollections of his mother were of his sitting at her feet with his sister, drinking in the tales and legends that were read and related to them by the house mother."

Let the land of Merlin rejoice, for, through this far-off child of the wilderness, it made its contribution of poetry, hope and tenderness to the life of the great Emancipator.

We have seen how the estates of his ancestors, while not insignificant, were untainted by claim of human chattels. He himself has told us that one reason why his parents left Kentucky was their antipathy to slavery. And Miss Tarbell has found evidence that in the old Lincoln home in Kentucky there were high debates over the rights of man as set forth by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine.

The records of the Lincoln ancestry on both sides were cruelly mutilated and for the most part destroyed by the vandal hands of the war of 1861-5; the war that ransacked court houses and made bonfires of records. They were broken into again by that inevitable abandonment of impedimenta that goes with successive generations of pioneers. They who go forth to conquer a new world must needs go in light marching order. Those fore elders of Lincoln took their souls along with them but left their records behind. In their zeal for the future they grew indifferent to the past. The present so absorbed them that they sacrificed their traditions.

Once more the Lincoln ancestry is obscured by the universal indifference to the feminine links in human descent. It will not always be so, for whatever her estimation may be in the statutes of men, woman has a legislative and executive place in the statutes of God, and she contributes her full quota towards the making of man—intellectually and spiritually as well as physically.

Lastly, the Lincoln traditions were broken upon the dead wall of slavery. The tides of New England life and European energy that traveled south and southwestward fared poorly compared with the same tides that traveled westward. It was not the Blue Ridge Mountains, but it was the black lines of slavery that held down and held back that enterprising blood and doomed to illiteracy that progeny of high ancestry. But that great wave of noble blood at last gathered strength in the zeal of Abraham Lincoln and his compatriots. They dashed themselves against the wall that had well-nigh wrecked them and battered it down, and public schools, free intercourse of man with man, the upward reach of the common people began to redeem the land and to restore the records and to vindicate the law of heredity. Then let us give to Nancy Hanks the place that belongs to her.

We of All Souls Church have set for ourselves the high task of interpreting Abraham Lincoln in terms of institutional life, civic energy and religious liberty.

We have undertaken to build an Abraham Lincoln Centre across the way. Would that some one would see to it that there shall be one tender shrine, one mellowed and mellowing home corner within that building, that may lovingly and gratefully bear the name of Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

I wish this name might be related to an industry that shall touch the lives of generations of girls yet unborn with the benignant skill of home-making, the divine aptitudes of the fireside, the homely skill that made the pioneer fireside of Nancy Hanks Lincoln a training school for giants, a nursery of ideals, a haven for the wandering and the homeless. The day of the distaff and the skillet is gone; the Dutch oven, the open fireplace with its iron crane, are no longer parts of the household equipment or necessary elements in the training of a girl, but their equivalents remain, and home-making is still the finest of fine arts, the test of a woman's potency now as then, as it ought to be the ideal of a true woman's training now as then.

Much has been said of late about home-making; much attention has been given to schools of domestic science. I wish that such purposes might be touched with the patriotism, the historic truthfulness, the growing gratitude of humanity that rightfully goes with the name of Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

How benign in the Lincoln Centre would be a Nancy Hanks School of Domestic Arts. What a prophetic investment of money! What a high invitation to those to whom is entrusted the grave responsibilities of wealth! What a significant opportunity! What a rare chance for investing capital in a way that will bring sure, lasting, aye, everlasting returns! When some one

thinks of it so deeply that the dream becomes a fact, then the vindication of Nancy Hanks will not only have been begun, but it will have been accomplished, at least in one little corner of this great country; in one Centre that shall radiate life to one group of the children who will thus become her unmeasured beneficiaries.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CAPTER XVIII.

HUMILITY.

Proverbs or Verses.

"There are some who use humility to serve their pride."—*Dunham.*

"It is not a sign of humility to declaim against pride."

"Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

"Too much humility is pride."

"Loquacity storms the ear, but modesty takes the heart."

"Modesty has more charms than beauty."

"Of their own merits, modest men are dumb."

"When modesty has once perished, it will never revive."—*Seneca.*

"The wisest man could ask no more of Fate,
Than to be modest, manly and true,
Safe from the many, honored by the few."—*Lowell.*

"A man may have a just esteem of himself without being proud."

"He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity."

"A man never speaks of himself without loss."—*Montague.*

Dialogue.

Suppose today we talk about a good habit; one which has always been much esteemed when rightly understood. The word describing it will be a long one. But we will reduce it to something simpler by and by. I will write it down. There it is, "Humility."

Have you ever heard the word before? "Oh, yes," you say. Then what does it imply? "Why," you tell me, "it means being humble." Perhaps, then, one of you could write down those shorter words underneath the long one. There it stands—"being humble."

But we are not much nearer to the point we are discussing. I want to find out what you understand by this. What if some one were to speak of a boy or girl, and say that they liked to show off, would that mean being humble? "Not by any means," you answer.

But why not, I ask. When a person is acting in this way, for instance, what is it that he is trying to do? "Why," you explain, "he is trying to make people look at him, and watch him." But if he wanted people to look at other boys and girls and watch them instead of watching him, would that be trying to show off? "No, indeed," you say.

But why not? "Because," you answer, "when one tries to show off, he is anxious that people should look at him, and not at others."

What, then, does he care to have people look at him for, more than at other boys or girls? What is the reason for such conduct? "Oh," you tell me, "he desires to have people say how much superior he is to other boys and girls."

You assume, then, do you, that this is not being humble, or having the habit of humility?

But when a boy or girl is anxious that other people should look at them, point them out, and say how smart they are, how much more they know than other boys or girls; what persons are they really thinking of most of all? You or me, for example? "No," you say, "they are thinking about themselves."

Yes, but in what way? Is such a person thinking about improving himself, forming better habits for himself, or blaming himself for some mistake? "No," you answer, "that is not it at all. It is self-admiration."

I wonder if you have ever heard of a term or phrase describing this habit of thinking about one's self. Suppose I give it to you and you write it down. It is "being self-conscious"—there are the words before you.

Trying to "show off" means "being self-conscious"—that is, thinking all the time about one's self, and wondering whether other people are looking at one's self, or talking about one's self. It implies the habit of comparing one's self with others and all the time thinking about the superiority of one's self to other people.

Do you begin to see what humility means? What does it suggest to you now? "Why," you answer, "it is the opposite of *that.*"

The opposite of what? I ask. You reply. "The opposite of being self-conscious, or of showing off."

Yes, we are getting down to the point now. Only we must go on a little further. You have not told me all about it yet.

Have you ever heard of persons who talked a great deal about themselves as being humble. I wonder if you have learned of the famous character in a great novel, "'Umble Uriah Heep." Some time in the future you will read the story where this character appears.

Now this man was always talking about himself as being 'umble. He would say to others, "I am very 'umble, you know." How would that strike you? Do you fancy he was a good example of humility?

"No," you exclaim, "that could not have been humility." But why not? Surely he ought to have known, himself, whether he was that kind of a man. If a person went around saying he was very humble, why should we not believe him?

"Because," you add, "there would not be any real humility in that sort of a man." But, why not? "As to that," you reply, "the very fact that he went on talking about himself, and telling how humble he was, would show that he was self-conscious, that he wanted to attract people's attention to himself."

What is the term we apply to this sort of a person? Suppose one of us went around saying, "I am very humble," and in that way trying to make people think well of us, or look upon us as being superior, what would people call us after a while, "A humbug?" Yes, that is one very plain term. Mention another of the same kind by which they might nickname us? "Make-believes?" Yes, surely.

But there is a longer word, and a bad one, that we should all hate to have thrown at us. Did you ever hear of the "hypocrite?" And what do you think it means? "Oh," you tell me, "it implied putting on the outside what is not true on the inside." Yes, that just about describes it.

And so the hypocrite is never a real instance of humility. But is this a habit that we all should admire in other people where it really exists? "Yes," you say, "if it is true or genuine." You tell me, then, that we all admire true humility, but that we despise the hypocrite.

What if, for instance, there were a person who never talked about himself or tried to show off, but always staid in the background. Do you think that this would always imply humility? "Yes?"

Wait a moment now. Do not be too sure. Suppose, for example, that he saw another person being seriously injured, some great harm being done to him, and he did not come forward and try to defend the one in danger, would that be humility? "No," you admit, "quite the contrary."

You confess that just always keeping one's self in the background, and never asserting one's self, does not necessarily mean humility.

We talk sometimes, you know, about certain people having a weak character, being not necessarily bad, but just "putty-like"; people who never seem to have any "snap" or force to them. They never do anything very good or very bad. Then there are others of whom we speak as having strong characters. They have self-reliance, they can take care of themselves.

Which of these two types, do you think, might have the most real humility? "Why," you say, "probably we should see it more often in the man who has a strong character." True, I answer. But the person of weak character might not be self-conscious, or might not try to show off in the presence of others. Why would not that imply being humble?

"As to that," you exclaim, "he might not try to show off, not because he has humility, but because he is weak, or because there is not much character to him."

You assume, then, that it is only the person of strong character who can have the real humility. I will give you a saying which you can remember, although it includes two quite large words. It is this:

"Humility goes with self-reliance."

Just keep that point in mind. I ask you to remember that humility and strength belong together.

Are you sure you understand now what self-consciousness means? "Yes," you say, "it is the opposite of humility." Yes, but more than that.

Tell me, for instance. Some one is walking along the street in the winter when the ground is slippery. His foot gives way, he falls down and his hat rolls off on the ground covered with ice. What is the first thing he always does after rising?

"Why," you assure me, "he looks around to see if anybody has noticed him." Yes. That is just what most people would do. And what does that imply? "Being self-conscious?"

But why should a person at once look around? Why should he care? "Oh," you say, "he cannot very well help it. He does not like to be laughed at."

You can see from this illustration, plainly enough, what it means to be self-conscious; although when anything of this kind happens to a man, it is very hard for him to help looking around just at that moment. It is pretty difficult then to show humility, so as to be able just to pick himself up and walk ahead without thinking any more of it.

I wonder if you have ever seen any picture of humility. Suppose we had a painting here by some great artist. How do you think the artist would frame the head of the person in the picture. Would the head be held erect with the eyes looking straight forward? "No," you tell me, "probably it would be bowed a little." Yes, I fancy you are right in your guess.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER: There is a picture of the head of the "Mater Dolorosa" which the teacher might show the children at this point. Although it is of "The Sorrowing Mother," yet it suggests this attitude of the head bowed in humility.

Do you mean to say that any person of true humility always goes around with his head down? Is that the kind of person you admire? Such individuals could make themselves very conspicuous, and attract a great deal of attention to themselves.

"No," you tell me, "we should not admire people who went around all the time in such an attitude." How then, can such a painting give a true suggestion of humility?

"Why," you point out, "it does not mean that we are to go around with the head down. It shows rather a certain feeling in the heart." You imply, do you, that inasmuch as the painter cannot describe the mind itself, he figures the head in this position in order to suggest the feeling inside. That is, at any rate, what I understand by such a picture.

No, people of real humility do not go about walking with their heads down. That would be very much like Uriah Heep always saying, "I'm very 'umble."

Then do you see any sense in that feeling inside of one's self, suggested by the bowed head? "You do not know?" Suppose I tell you in one sentence. It shows that the person feels that there is something superior to himself.

Now, have we found what attitude of mind, is the opposite of humility? "Being self-satisfied?" you suggest. True. A person of real humility does not go around with his head hanging down. But he always feels that he is not doing as much as he ought to do, or improving himself as much as he might have done. He always feels that he is behind what he aspires to become. He is never quite satisfied with himself.

We will stop here today; because the talk about humility may come up again in the discussion we may have about another habit which you will perhaps tell me is also the opposite of humility.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That humility is the opposite of being self-conscious, of "showing off," or of talking about one's self.

II. That it is in contrast with "make-believe" or being a "hypocrite."

III. It is a feeling about one's self and not a way of appearing to others.

IV. It means that we are never altogether satisfied with ourselves, or with our conduct.

V. The truly humble person does not keep comparing his conduct as a whole with that of others, but rather with the best standard of true conduct he knows about.

VI. Hence the humble person is always dissatisfied with himself and always trying to get beyond himself to something higher.

Duties.

I. We ought always to feel that there are others better than we are and superior to ourselves.

II. We ought always to feel that we could make ourselves better than we are now, and that we have to rise above ourselves.

III. We ought always to have standards of conduct which are above us, according to which we are to measure ourselves and to which we are to aspire.

Poem: Great, wide, beautiful, wondrous world.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—It will be seen plainly enough that this discussion connects directly with the lesson on "Pride." The one cannot go well without the other. If there are too many points in this sketch, carry over some of them into the next chapter. The thought especially to be impressed on the minds of the young is that *humility goes with strength.* This virtue has so often been connected with weakness, or the hanging head, as a kind which nobody really respects. We shall find it very important to fight this notion in the minds of the young. We want them to admire true humility, and not to think of it as a mere sentiment which people do not honestly esteem or try to practise. It will be necessary, although hard, to make the children feel that it is an *inside* virtue, that the bowed-head attitude does not mean cringing or walking around in a weak, limp sort of a way, but implies rather the very opposite of thinking all the time about one's self. Do not introduce the word selfishness in connection with the absence of humility, as we shall associate this with something more definite. But self-consciousness is a vice easily acquired and one which every one needs to fight against and to be ashamed of. The great trouble with most people is that they are disposed to compare themselves with others right around them, instead of measuring themselves according to some ideal standard. It is this latter attitude we wish to foster in dwelling on the virtue of Humility.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams.	John Faville.	Henry M. Simmons.
Richard W. Boynton.	George W. Gilmore.	Frederick Starr.
Frederick W. Burlingham.	Fred. V. Hawley.	Joseph Stolz.
John W. Chadwick.	Emil Hirsch.	Hiram W. Thomas.
Francis A. Christie.	Albert Lazenby.	Oscar L. Triggs.
Joseph H. Crooker.	Charles W. Pearson.	R. A. White.
Frederick E. Dewhurst.	Granville Ross Pike.	E. P. Powell.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Promethean.

I ask not fate to rush or wait,
And write my brief decree,
Or let me gaze, through mist and maze,
On what is yet to be.

I dare not halt, while moments vault
The goals I have designed;
My burning vow is sacred now,
And does as firmly bind.

I am a man; my purpose can
Upturn the mountain's throne;
What I have willed can be fulfilled,
Companioned or alone.

I have a soul, and on the scroll
Of Life I write my fate;
And my decree, no agony
Can give me, soon or late.

The years I toiled are not unfoiled
By tiltings of the scales;
The hand I thrust in mire and dust
Has dared and never failed!

My hopes are strong, and urge along
My faltering steps, and now
I will not wait on man or fate
To wreath my furrowed brow.

Enough I lived, I dared, I strived,
To make my purpose tell,
Tho, on the way, tricked by the fray,
Be merciful, I fell.

Still do I stand, and in my hand
I hold the right of way;
Nor praise or sneer, in after year,
Can crown the closing day.

JOSEPH LEISER.

Foreign Notes.

ALCOHOLISM IN BELGIUM.—The Belgians have spent in the last seven years 2,500,000,000 francs for gin. This amount, says the *Presse Medicale Belge*, equals all the appropriations made by the government since 1830 for public service, railroads, telegraph, canals, roads, harbors, educational and benevolent institutions, army and fortifications. The *Almanach d'Hygien Publique* sees an explanation in the fact that Belguim has 175,000 ale houses and places for the sale of alcoholic drinks, 2,900 breweries and 229 distilleries. The proportion of public houses is one to every 36 inhabitants. (Brussels alone has 4,281 cafes.) In France the proportion is one cafe to 75 inhabitants; in Prussia, one to 190; in Austria, one to 200; in Russia, one to 991, and in Norway, one to 52,143.

This would look as if Belgium were in a very bad way, but there must be put to her credit in the moral scale the stand she has taken in regard to the gaming evil, so long encouraged and protected within her borders.

She has also had under consideration recently a very radical measure for the safe guarding of public morals in another direction. The Belgian penal code already punishes writings or pictures offensive to modesty. Mr. Weste proposed to add to these songs, cries, discourses, recitals and readings of such character, provided these outrages were committed in public gatherings or places. What he wished to reach was the low songs and monologues of the music halls and thirty-sixth rate theaters. Mr. Segers moved to add a penalty for the reproduction of obscene songs by a phonograph, and this seemed a logical amendment. I have not seen whether the measure was passed.

ANOTHER WOMAN LAWYER.—The Zurich court of assizes was packed the other day by people eager to hear the first plea of a woman lawyer, Miss Mackenroth. It was her first case in Switzerland. She appeared in defense of a young woman whose honor was at stake. Judges, as well as auditors were surprised at her eloquence. She secured her client's acquittal and was warmly congratulated by professionals of the other sex.

ZOLA AS AN ABOLITIONIST.—*Le Signal de Geneve* publishes this expressive little note written by Emile Zola not long before his death to one of the active workers for abolition of the regulation of vice:

"Alas! dear madame, I am again overwhelmed with work; do not be surprised, then, if I reply to you in the briefest manner.

"I am opposed to what is known as the regulation of prostitution, because I believe in liberty for the human being, and I think the worst immorality is that pretended morality which pens up its *betes de plaisir*.

"But to say all that to you would require pages, and I can only repeat that I am with you in your campaign for the deliverance of woman, which will be at the same time the deliverance and the at last enduring happiness of man.

Very sympathetically,

EMILE ZOLA."

A NEWLY DISCOVERED STATUE OF BUDDHA.—An immense statue of Buddha reclining on the summit of a mountain, and cut in the rock is said to have been discovered in the jungle near Pegu, Burmah. In its horizontal position the body is 14.44 meters high and 5.65 meters in thickness. The natives were unaware of the existence of this colossal figure, which has just been found by European travelers. M. E. H.

All Club Comforts

On The California Limited.

Barber shop, buffet, library,
observation parlor, magazines,
daily papers, market reports
and an unrivaled cuisine.
Seventh season—new equipment.
Chicago to California in less than
three days.
Why stay at home?

The California tour described in our books; mailed for 10c in stamps. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

Santa Fe

BOOKS.

"The School of the Woods." Wm. J. Long. Net, postpaid	$1.50
"In God's Out of Doors." Wm. A. Quayle. Net, postpaid	1.75
"Our National Parks." John Muir. Net, postpaid	1.75
"Our Native Trees." Harriet L. Keeler. Net, postpaid	2.00
"How to Attract the Birds." Blanchan. Net, postpaid	1.35
"Handbook of Birds of Western United States." Mrs. F. M. Bailey. Net, postpaid	3.50

THE PILGRIM PRESS

175 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

THE "ALTON'S" ENGINEER

IF YOU WISH TO HAVE A NICE HALF-TONE ENGRAVING, 4½x3 INCHES, OF THE ABOVE PICTURE, SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS TO

GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO & ALTON RAILWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

$33.00 TO THE Pacific Coast

from Chicago daily, February 15 to April 30.

Daily and Personally Conducted Excursions in

Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars

Only $6.00 double berth. Choice of routes. Dining cars, meals a la carte. The only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River. The direct route. Fast time. Splendid service. Three trains a day to

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland

All ticket agents sell tickets via this route. Write for particulars to W. B. KNISKERN, Pass'r Traffic Manager, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Founded, 1844.
New Endowments.
No Doctrinal Tests.
Modern Program.
Ample Equipment.
Thorough Training for College Graduates. Special provision for others.

Send for Catalogue to President F. C. Southworth

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

OMAHA SIOUX CITY

THE ST. PAUL ROAD

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

SHORT LINE

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAINS ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Ticket Office, 95 Adams Street.

To California Through Colorado

A comfortable, interesting and inexpensive way of going to the Pacific Coast is to join a Burlington Route Personally Conducted Party. One leaves Chicago and St. Louis every week for Los Angeles, over the route outlined above, by way of Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City. All the magnificent Colorado mountain scenery is passed by daylight.

We reserve sleeping-car berths, and will be glad to send you illustrated books about Colorado and California (6 cents each) and folders with maps, time tables and a description of the journey, without cost. Kindly write for particulars.

P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

BULLETIN MONON TRAINS On Time

MONON ROUTE

AND

C. H. & D. RW'Y.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS, AND CINCINNATI.

4 Trains daily

CITY OFFICE 232 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED TRAINS BETWEEN

Chicago, Des Moines, Sioux City, Omaha,

Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis,

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

City Ticket Office: 95 Adams Street. Union Passenger Station Madison, Adams and Canal Streets Chicago.